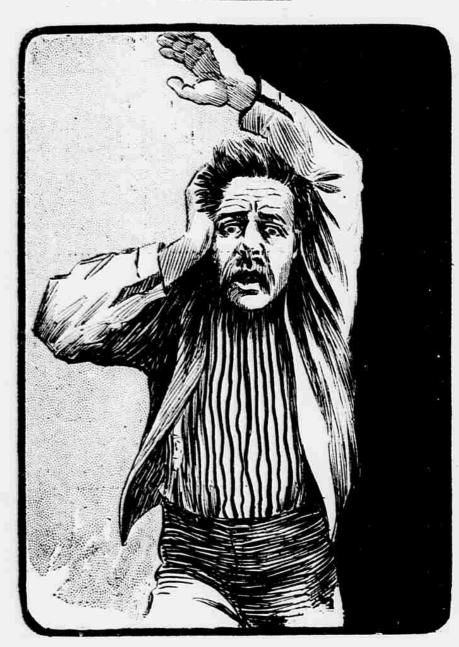
FORMER DEAF-MUTE HEARS AND SPEAKS.

After Thirty Years in Awful Stillness the Sense of Hearing Suddenly Returns , to a Man.



THEN, RECOVERING HIMSELF, HE REALIZED WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

Berkeley, Cal., Aug. 18.-Thirty years ago this month William Billings was born in lows. For a year he heard as other infants hear, and then a silence as deep as that of the tomb came over him, and for the balstartled him no more than the piping of a

Billings listened with a feeling of awe to the first sounds that had ever fallen upon his hearing ears. The rustling of the leaves seemed to him to be of mighty volume, and the rushing of the electric car that went past him filled the man with terror. He ance of his life, or until a few weeks ago, listened, and was so afraid that he trembled the trees in the fields where he worked and fell to the ground. Then recovering whilepered to him in vain, and the shrieks himself, he realized what had happened. of the whistles as the trains rushed by He ran to the house of his sister, who thought he was mad when he communicated

Standing in a field near Berkeley one day

startled him no more than the piping of a qualt.

When about eight years old, Billings's parents brought him to Berkeley and placed him in the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind. When he left the institution to return to his home it was believed that he would go to his grave without being able to hear or speak as other men.

though he was mad when he communicated to her, in sign language, that he could also use his vocal organs. He is now being taught to speak as a little child is taught. The fact that he is able to read and write is of great assistance to him. Billings says that he can hear better in the country than in the town, as the confusion of noises disturbs him. There has been no return of the deafness, so far, except when he has a cold, and then the sense of hearing is somewhat impaired.

ATLANTA CONSTITUTION'S SEVERED ARTERIES YOUTHFUL EDITOR. HELD BY A WOMAN.

Eldest Son of Jeel Chandier Harris | Nerve and a Firm Grip Save the Assumes Control of a Big Georgia Daily.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL. Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 18.-Julian Harris, the new managing editor of the Atlanta Constitution, may fairly be called the Colonel Harvey of the South. At 25 he finds himself shouldering the executive responsibilities of a big Georgia daily in a manner creditable to himself and to the judgment

of Clark Howell, who selected him for the



JULIAN HARRIS.

post of helmsman for the news section o the paper.

The bright young editor began his jour nalistic career as a reporter of the Constitution in 1892, and for three or four years trudged around Peach Tree street and other highways of the Georgia capital without regard to hours or weather. Then he went to Chicago and attached himself to the forces of the Times-Herald. When not engaged in his regular duties. Mr. Harris spent his time in studying the mechanic of the press, composing, stereotyping and engraving departments. When Mr. Howell went to Chicago to at-

tend the Democratic Convention he found Mr. Harris engaged as assistant to the Sunday editor of the Times-Herald, and immediately offered him the night editorthip of the Constitution. That journal began at once to show the effect of Mr. Harris's genius. In 1897 he was made city editor, and now has been advanced to the highest place under the editor-in-chief.

The Constitution's young editor is the eldest son of Joel Chandler Harris, the faeigest son of Joei Chandler Harris. The fa-mous author, and inherits his father's bril-liance and cameraderie. His wife was Miss Julia Collier. She is the daughter of C. A. Collier of Atlanta, now Assistant United States Commissioner at the Paris Exposi-

The Bryant & Stratton College. The fall term of the day and night school will open September 3. Apply at the College, fifth floor of the Century building, serner Olive and Ninth streets,

Life of a Man Who Had Been Severely Cut.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Willimantic, Conn., Aug. 18.-Eugene Winter, who lives at Columbia, six miles from here, is recovering from an accident that came very near costing him his life. Winter was severely wounded a short time aco by falling on the end of a chisel, which inflicted a very deep, transverse wound on his right cheek, on a level with the open ing of his right ear. The chisel cut the right temporal artery.

With every beat of his heart the blood squirted in a jet from the artery.

Winter's relatives ran for surgeons and physicians, but they could find none, They did find Mrs. Alice Drayton, formerly a trained nurse, and she hastened to Winter As his wound was deep she could catch the lower end of the artery between her thumb and foretinger, and, so clasping it she closed it and held it tightly closed.

Then there was only a slight hemorrhage from the small arteries which were cut But the strongest man could not long sus-tain the necessary force to hold shut the temporary artery between the thumb and

So Mrs. Drayton brought her earlier training into play. She had a tournique training into play. She had a tourniquet improvised. Following her instructions, while she held on to the artery, a narrow bandage was wrapped through and through the top of a big, old-fashioned key, until the bandage formed a small, firm pad on top of the key.

Holding the end of the key, Mrs. Drayton pressed the pad against the end of the artery and held the bleeding vessel against the bone under it, effectively stopping the hemorrhage.

hemorrhage. And there she sat, pressing on that ar tery for two hours, until a surgeon arrived and tied it. Winter is all right now. All he needs is to make a little more blood for himself, and that is easy.

STOLE FOR HUNGRY BROTHERS.

Three Little Boys Deserted by Parents Were Almost Starved.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL. Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 18 .- One of the most pathetic cases of childish distress has just come to the notice of the police. Frank Reed, a lad of 15, was caught stealing bread to feed his hungry little brothers, The children were deserted by their parents, and found shelter in a vacant house in North Front street. Charles Reed is 6 years old and Harvey 4. The father was formerly a policeman. Drink was the cause of his ruin. He left his family shift for itself a month ago. The mother struggled on alone. A few days ago, ill from lack of food, with her baby in her arms, she went to the home of her brother. Christian Schmitt, at No. 247 Allen street, and never

returned.

Frank slept on the wharves. He did not forget his little brothers.

For several days residents living in Front and Parrish streets have been missing the bread left early in the morning by the bakers. The police set a watch. Bergeant Brown saw Frank creep through the street in the shadow of the doorstens steal a loaf

Brown saw Frank creep through the street in the shadow of the doorsteps, steal a loaf of bread and hide it under his tattered coat. Brown followed the boy. He caught him climbing the fence in the rear of his brothers' shelter.

"Don't 'rest me," the little fellow cried. "De bread is fur me little brudders, Harv' and Charley."

"Where are they?" asked Brown.

"In dere," he replied, with a sob, pointing to the house.

Brown found the two boys asleep on a pile of filthy straw. He took the trio to the police station. The boys munched the bread as they walked beside him.

The Magistrate sent Frank to the House of Refuge and his brothers to the Southern Home.

MR. SPRAGUE SAYS Cold and ripe watermelons are served only at the Delicatessen Lunchrooms,

FAMOUS MISSOURI

LAND CASE SETTLED.

Property for Which a Hardy Pioneer Fought for Fifty Years Will Go to His Heirs.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 18 .- A dispatch received from Washington this week aunounces that the Commissioner of the General Land Office has decided the famous Mensing island case in favor of the Mensing heirs. This action brings tot an end one of the most remarkable land cases in the history of Missourl and restores to the Mensing family property, valued at over

The history of the Mensing Island case is filled with romantic and pathetic interest. John H. Mensing, a pioneer of Kansas City, spent his lifetime in an unsuccessful fight for the little Island in the Mis-

ourl River, not far from Kansas City. Mensing settled on the island when the and was of small value. He drove the Indians away and killed the wolves that prowled about it, and at last defeated laims of the city and nation to the title. But success came too late to bring any satisfaction to the hardy pioneer who had bat-tled for nearly half a century for what he believed to be his right. Several years ago be died, leaving to bis children a heritage accumulated through the bitterest of dis-topointments, and they will resp the bentits for which he so long worked in vain. In 1888 Mensing came to Kansas City from the East and at once settled on the island which bears his name. At this time the land was completely surrounded with water and the settler's cabin was at the north end directly across from the city. The Island contained 130 acres and Mensing began at once to clear and cultivate the Within a year he tried to enter the land, but those were troublesome times in Western Missouri, and the Government nearly the close of the war when the Gov-rument took forcible possession of the isand and established a military reservaion there. But, although his property was taken from him, the redoubtable Mensing never relinquished his fight for his home. It was about this time that the island began its odd caverting that made it unsuitable for military purposes. I'p to its occupa-tion as an army post the island had main-tained a reasonably stable conformation, with about the same number of acres in it after each spring freshet.

As if aiding in the efforts of its real own-

er to assert the rightful proprietorship the island began cutting up the oddest sert of capers. In one month the Island would vastly increase in its area, due to the accretions from the river, and within a fort-night the shores would be trimmed down, leaving barely room for the settler's little hut, which, in all the changes, was never disturbed. When the Government decided to abandon the island there were only a few acres, and as soon as Mensing returne to his own, the river began piling up land on all sides of him with such rapidity that in a short time the south side became joined to the mainland at what is now the of Troost avenue in Kansas City. So rapidly did this jointure grow that in a few menths Mr. Mensing found himself in possesssion of an entirely different proposition than at first, and with the change came added trouble and responsibilities. The island, or, more properly, what had been the island, was now a part of Kansas City, being what has been since termed the East Bottoms. When the people of Kansas City awoke one day and found that their townsite had been increased by a hundred or the advertiser was immensely pleased with more acres they at once laid claim to it. and poor Mensing still clung to his capricious little property, and, with the aid of a trusty rifle, retained possession against big

When this controversy began to wax not the Government seemed to realize what a good thing it had relinquished when it had ordered its fort abandoned, and thus the thrice troubled Mensing found himself beset on all sides. But he never gave up, and his plucky fight for his homestead gained

Then began the long-drawn-out legal battle with the Government and all of its machinery and inexhaustible resources on one side and a harrassed and sorely perplexed settler on the other. Offers of compromise were frequently made and as frequently refused. Mensing regularly sowed and reaped on his homestead, while documents in the department at Washington became covered with dust of the passing years, and administrations came and went. It was simply a case similar to thousands of others, where claimants were forced to go down to their graves penniless and comfortless because of the indolence of the lot of department clerks and the officious red tape which sateguards the rights of the Government as against those of the individual.

A few years before his death settlers began pouring in on his land and the placky old man stood guard all alone many a night to keep invaders from his precious land. Soon the encroachments of the city's commercial and manufacturing interests overame the weak resistance of the claimant, and the Missouri Pacfic Railroad built its tracks across the property and great buildings grose upon the site. With a sigh of resignation the old man dropped his rifle and let the claim sift through the machinery of the departments at Washington, and died just as there was a tangible promise of his claims being sustained.

The land now has an appraised value of \$1,000 an acre, and there are 132 acres. Parts of it are very valuable, and it is doubtless of that ever \$250,000 could be realized by careful selling of the property. Under the decision of yesterday the land will be resurveyed and thrown open to entry, in which case the heirs have a prior claim.

TEACHER FORCED TO FIGHT.

In Turn He Whipped a Brother, Two Sisters and Their Father.

Nunda, N. Y., Aug. 18 .- A lot of excite nent has been caused just over the Livingston County line by the wholesale chastising done by a school teacher.

John Lapp, a young man about 19 years old, who comes from the town of Hume, in old, who comes from the town of Hume, in Allegany County, is a teacher of a little school in the Van Gilder district, in the town of Granger. One of the residents of that town is Frank Perry, who resides in the Van Gilder district, and he has three children attending school, Mr. Lapp being their teacher.

children attending school, Mr. Lapp being their teacher.

From the evidence in the trial it appears that one of Perry's children, a little girl about 7 years old, failed to get a lesson, and during the recitation in which this fact was revealed Lapp caught the child in an untruth. More for the fact that the child had not told him the truth than that the had failed in her lesson, the teacher dechild had not told him the truth than that she had falled in her lesson, the teacher decided to punish the little one, and was administering some little light punishment. he alleges, when Perry's other two children, a girl of about 14 years and a boy perhaps 12 years old, jumped up from their seats, and before Teacher Lapp was aware of what was taking place the two children were at their sister's side defending her as best they could.

were at their sister's side detending her as best they could.

While the boy attempted to whip the teacher the 14-year-old sister was clawing at the teacher's hair and face, at the same time trying to liberate the little sister. It

time trying to liberate the little sister. It was finally necessary, Teacher Lapp alleges, to thoroughly punish the entire trio before he could make them understand that he was master of the situation, after which things quieted down to their normal state once more and the matter was apparently forgotten in the school.

While perhaps the school had forgotten the incident, Frank Perry, the father of the children, kept it strongly in his mind. He is a powerfully built man, about 35 years of age, and, it is alleged, has borne the reputation of being quite free with his fists. Some time after the punishment of the children Perry met Teacher Lapp in an out-of-the-way place, coming along on

the children Perry met Teacher Lapp in an out-of-the-way place, coming along on his bleycle, and he called to Lapp to dismount, saying he wished to speak to him. Teacher Lapp jumped from his wheel and alleges that Perry commenced an immediate abuse of him, ending up in Perry striking him with his fists in the face.

While Lapp does not pretend to be a pugilist, he alleges that he defended himself as best he could, and soon had changed Perry's appearance so that his own relatives would hardly recognize him. Perry managed to get his thumb in Lapp's eye, slightly disfiguring it, but found he was no match for the 19-year-old athletic teacher, and he decided retreat was the most pracand he decided retreat was the most prac-ticable thing, and he fied, leaving the teacher to rearrange his tollet and to be the victorious winner of the battle.

Teacher Lapp then swore out a warrant for Perry's arrest for assault in the second

SHE CALMLY READ

HER OWN FATE.

A Woman Physician Makes Microscopic Examination and Determines She Has Consumption.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Cincinnati, O., Aug. 18.-Doctor Mary Hawes stood before the keenly polished microscope two weeks ago in the laboratory of the City Hospital. It was Sunday morning and she had made the rounds and attended to the comfort and welfare of the sufferers in her ward.

"Yes, I will look," said the doctor, and determination was written on every line of her face. There was one little drop of sputum on the glass side of the instrument, To look meant to this delicate young woman the revelation of her fate. Yes, there it was-consumption!

Doctor Mary Hawes has labored tirelessly in the consumptive ward of the City Hos-pital, and has made bacteriology her spe-There was no mistaking what she saw under the glass. Some time ago her own symptoms began to engage her notice There was the same pallor and cough that she had observed in dozens of her patients One little drop of sputum would tell the tale. And bravely and with steady nerves the doctor made the test. She was alone in the laboratory. The light was just right, and the lenses were adjusted, It only meant a look to tell whether or not she was doomed. Still bending over the class, she asked the first physician who dropped in to look

"Racilli tuberculosis," said the physician indifferently, and passed on, thinking the examination was for one of the woman's patients.

patients.
"Look at this," said Doctor Hawes handing the glass to another passing physician,
"Tuber culosis," he remarked casually and harried away to his duties.
When the doctors returned to the laboratory Doctor Hawes said; "This is my own case, and I shall resign at once and go to Denver."

Denver."
Then did the doctors realize the remark able nerve of the woman who had calmly learned her own fate. Miss Hawes says that she will carefully study her case and try to heave valuable ideas to nosterity. Miss Hawes graduated with honors from Laura Memorial College, She stood high among her competitors for a place in the City Hospital as interne, and won. She has spent her time in the consumptive ward and contracted the disease there.

MADE MONEY AS PROFESSIONAL FIANCEE.

A Clever Woman Secured Money by Promising to Marry Men Who Were Looking for Wives.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL Omaha, Neb., Aug. 18 .- Lotta Cooper, St the police say, has made a comfortable l'ving for some years by simply promising men to marry them. So shrewdly has she conducted her unique money-getting scheme that not until just now has she found her little game blocked. This woman is 48 years old and her eleverness must make up for

the beauty which she decidedly lacks, In answering the yearning appeals of lonely bachelors or widowers, who expressed their wishes through the columns of newspapers. Miss Cooper would send the picture of some charming young woman, and immediately a reply would come that



LOTTA COOPER.

er appearance. She would also put in he etter the information that she was the heiress to her father's comfortable fortune. Upon many occasions the faltering "Yes" has slipped from her lips, or, rather, her pen, as she has given her victims no chance to see her.

After photographs had been exchanged and the correspondence gone on until genuine love letters were being carried back and forth by unsuspecting Uncle Sam, the wedling preparations would begin. It was just at this stage of the game that the bride-elect would discover some legal tangle by which she was prevented from securing her patrimony, and the groom elect was appealed to, and he would promptly send on money to help along the trousseau, so there would be no postponing of the wedding day, sometimes the bride-to-be would receive a hundred dollars, and again more or less. L. O. Curtis, a young farmer of Murray, Neb., is the victim through whom Miss Cooper came to grief. Now he is sorry that he caused her arrest.

HER LITTLE PATIENT MAY RECOVER.

Another Florence Nightingale's Devotion to One Who Is Helpless May Find Its Reward.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL. North Tonawands, N. Y., Aug. 18 .- Florence Nightingale, a relative of the famous English philanthropist, for whom she was named, is in this city, and has with her as a patient H-year-old Charles Lott, son of German cavalry in China have been pur-Judge Lott of Flushing, L. I. About a year ago the boy was wounded in the back while spending a vacation at Asbury Park. His own brother accidentally shot him. Charles was taken to a Brooklyn hospital, but the surgeons could no nothing for him, they said. Miss Nightingale was his nurse, and she disagreed with the surgeons. She paid special attention to the little fellow, and day after day and week after week he lived, although he was paralyzed from the neck down. Finally it was decided to take him away from the hospital, but he refused to go unless Miss Nightingale went with him. Judge Lott engaged her to nurse the boy, and ever since she has been a mem

ber of the Judge's household. A few days ago it was decided to bring the boy here for a change of air, in the hope that it would benefit him. Friday Miss Nightingale left him lying on the lawn and sat down with her back to him some and sat down with her back to him some distance away. In a short time she felt something touch her back. Turning around she was astonished to see the boy beside her. He had crawled across the lawn. Since then he has begun to get life into his body, and is now able to move considerably. Miss Nightingale believes he will eventually recover fully.

LAWSUIT BROUGHT BY A COATLESS MAN

Historic Case Recalled by Present Agitation on the New Style of Masculine Costume.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Augusta, Ga., Aug. 18.- The position taken by a Georgia jury in a suit brought years ago by a "shirt-waist" man may stand as a warning to the coatless man of the present should he be moved to ask the aid of the law in securing balm for his wounded feelings, should the same be wounded at any time because of his coatless condition. The case in question was that of Will-

iam H. Johnson vs. The Georgia Railroad and Banking Company. Johnson was a Pittsburg drummer. On a hot August Sunday in 1882 he boarded an east-bound Georgia train at Madison, having a ticket to Union Point. He entered the ladies' cur with his coat off. The conductor approached him and asked him politely to please don his coat or go forward into the smoking car. This Johnson refused to do, and the ex-conductor, who recalls the incident, says that he replied that he did not care to be told what was the correct thing to do by a conductor. There was a strict rule of the road requiring conductors to see to it that the conduct of passengers was all that it should be, and the refusal of the traveling man to do as requested came un-der the head of unbecoming conduct. When the train came to a stop, the ex-conductor says that he went up and asked his engineer what step he thought it best to take under the circumstances. "Put him off" promp ly answered the man in the cab. And the

"shirt-waist" man of nearly twenty years ago was put off.
"I had waited until the train was nearing the river, the boundary between Greene and Morgan, as I wanted to put him off in Morgan County, says the old conductor.

"At the signal, the train slacked its speed rapidly and finally came to a full stop. Engineer and fireman and flagman came back. I still gave the man a chance to go forward and he again refused. I ordered the men to take him up and put him off. He offered but little resistance and left the car threat-ening to sue the road for damages.

"Johnson walked on to Greensboro, about six miles, and there employed Honorable Hal T. Lewis, now on the Supreme Court bench, to enter suit against the road for ten thousand dollars damages. Colonel Lewis engaged Colonel F. C. Foster of Madison as associate counsel, and they made strong team. The case went to a Morgan County Jury and resulted in a mistrial the first time it was heard. At the next hearing the jury brought in a verdict in favor of the railroad."
Major Joseph B. Cumming, general coun

sel of the Georgia railroad, also remembers the case and says that the road's defense was placed upon the lofty plane of protec

tion to female passengers.
"We contended," said Major Cumming,
"that the ladies' car on a passenger train not the place for gentlemen to appear without their coats. No man has a right to appear in company in decollete costume. No gentleman would enter the drawingroom of a friend in the presence of ladies without a coat; even though he be on intimate terms with the family. The ladies car is especially and essentially reserved for female passengers. If a man has a right to enter this car without his coat he undoubtedly has a right to sit beside any lady in the car. This would be objectionable to many ladies, especially those without es-

"We maintained that the conduct of Mr Johnson was nothing short of inciplent rowdyism, and made an appeal to the jury to suppress it by their verdict. We argued that the road cared not how a man was dressed, provided he rode in the smoker, which was equally as comfortable as the ladles' car. The case was tried for the first time at the March term of Morgan Superior Court, in 1882. Messrs, Lewis and Foster made out a strong case and based their claims upon constitutional liberty. jury could not agree, and Judge Thos. G. Lawson ordered a mistrial declared. The case came up again at the March term, 1883. the road. The attorneys never carried the matter any further, evidently seeing the hopelessness of such a course."

NEGLECTED ASHES OF COLONEL WARING.

No Permanent Resting Place for Remains of a Man Who Did and led their steps toward each other un-Much for the Good of Humanity.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL

New York, Aug. 18.-The ashes of Colonel G. E. Waring, who devoted so many years to the service of his city and country, and who died in his effort to carry cleanliness and health to fever-stricken Havana, lie in three cheap, common earthen pots in the Fresh Pond Crematory.

Colonel Waring died of yellow fever in this city on October 30, 1898, a few months after the war in Cuba, and after his strenuous efforts to cleanse the city of Havana. where he contracted the disease.

His body was, by order of the Board of Health, removed to Swinburne Island and cremated the same day. The ashes were placed in the three little jars. Each jar was labeled, wrapped in coarse paper and set aside, awaiting the action of relatives

wrote to the President of the United States Cremation Company August 23, 1899,in which he said that he had a letter from Mrs. Waring, saying she had once received a letter from some crematory making the offer of a niche for the ashes of Cotonel Waring, but she had forgotten the name.

Mr. Hill inferred that it was the United States Cremation Company. It was arranged to have the ashes brought from Swinburne Island and they were deposited. Swinburne Island, and they were deposited

G. E. Hill, executor of the Waring estate

Swinburne Island, and they were deposited in the Fresh Pond Crematory.

Three months later the president of the company wrote to Mr. Hill offering to have an urn cast, with a proper inscription, and placed in a niche in the column-parlum, as a proper final resting place for the remains of Colonel Waring.

Mr. Hill replied that the absence of Mrs. Waring in the West and Miss Waring in Italy made negotiations slow, and added:

"A letter received from Miss Waring said that she Dreferred that the matter be allowed to rest until her return, if possible. She sails December 7 and should arrive by the 17th."

the 17th."
This is the last incident in the story. An

This is the last incident in the story. An urn for the sepulture of ashes costs from 310 to \$100. The United States Cremation Company has offered a free niche, to be selected by Mrs. Waring.

The ashes of Colonel Waring have remained in the three common earthenware pots, in which they were placed after the cremation at Swinburne Island, October 30, 1898, nearly two years ago.

AMERICAN HORSES FOR CHINA Germany Sends Big Order to San

Francisco Stockmen.

San Francisco, Aug. 18.-Eighteen hundred horses to be used as remounts by the chased by a firm of this city for the German Government, and three steamers are

WEALTHY AMERICAN GIRL A HOSPITAL ANGEL.

Great-Great-Granddaughter of John Jacob Astor Leaves Home and Fortune to Go as Nurse.



MISS MARGARET ASTOR CHANLER.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL. New York, Aug. 18.-Miss Margaret Livprivate income of \$35,000 a year, a New York residence at No. 317 West Seventyfourth street, another home in Washington and a summer place at Rokeby, near Tarrytown, is sailing away to nurse soldiers in China, Miss Chanler returned from the Philippines only a short time ago, where she was looked upon as a veritable angel by the sick men in the hospitals. Miss Chanler is zealous in her sympathy for the American soldiers, and has expressed her willingness to go to the new scene of battle to care for the wounded. She is now on board the United States hospital ship Re-

Japan, and is now cruising with the Ameringston Chanler, an American girl, with a can warships off Taku, China, within easy, reach of the allied forces advancing on Pekin. Miss Chanler goes as a Red Cross nurse, but is more directly under the direction of the Government than the relief so

> Astor, Her brother is William Astor Chanler, now known as a Congressman, explor-er and soldier. Mrs. Orme Wilson, Colonel Delancey Kane and F. Marion Crawford are

This interesting young woman is a great-great-granddaughter of the original John

Jacob Astor and a piece of Mrs. William

HAPPY MEETING AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

in a Park.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 18.-Two of the happiest people in town are a brother and sister, who never expected to meet again on earth, but to whom fate has been kind

While the vast congregation of people gathered at Military Pack, at the Bryan notification meeting, listened to the eloquent words of the great Democrats and awoke the echoes with their eneers, away from the crowd, in the shade of an ancient oak, a brother and sister, who had been separated for fifty-two years, recognized each

other and were reunited. The occurrence was one in which not a little pathos was blended with a large vol-

ume of romance.

David Fisher, who tolls for his living at Columbus, Ind., came to this city as a stanch Democrat to see the two great candidates and hear their speeches. Mr. Fisher is 60 years of age and shows the marks of the years that have come and gone during his lifetime.

He went to the park, but the crowd was dense the weather than for the hear and he dense, the weather insufferably hot, and he accordingly seated himself on a settee over by the fountain.

by the fountain.

It was not long before a venerable lady, accompanied by a gentleman apparently older than herself, approached. They scated themselves by Mr. Fisher's side.

In the course of a conversation with her companion, the aged woman remarked: "I

companion, the aged woman remarked; "I have heard my grandmother say my brother was a soldier, but I have not seen nim since he was a little boy."

Mr. Fisher turned and respectfully asked; "What was your grandmother: name?"

"Lizzie Serber," was the reply that came in a sweet tone of voice.

"Why, that was the name of my grandmother, too," replied Mr. Fisher.

Then both became interested and continued their interchange of queries until the lady said she had left home when her brother was 8 years old and had never seen him since to her knowledge. He was sick when she left.

"What caused his illness?" asked Mr. Fisher.

"He was kicked by a horse and received a severe cut over one of his eyes."

Mr. Fisher removed his bat, pushed back the gray hair from his fercheal and exhibited the scar left there by the hoof of his father's horse fifty-two years ago.

The recognition was satisfactory and com-The recognition was satisfactory and complete. The old sister was Mrs. Catherine Thompson, who, with her family, reside on a farm north of this city, in Washington Township, this county, Mr. Fisher and Mrs. Thompson are the only members of their family living.

BOY CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

Set to Catch Chicken Thieves, but Fell on Wrong Person. REPUBLIC SPECIAL

Bridgeton, N. J., Aug. 18.-The man-trap that was set on the Mulford place to catch chicken thieves has been tested and found o work perfectly, though it caught the wrong person. Alfred Mulford, the young son of Isaac Mulford, was the innocent vic-

chased by a firm of this city for the German Government, and three steamers are now on the way here to transport them to China. The first of the three steamers is expected here about the first week of September. The second a week later and the last about the end of September. All the big shipping firms have communicated with the Consuls of the principal European Powers at this port about the purchase of supplies, but up to the present utilly making any purchases.

As it takes at least sixty days for a steamer to make the trip from Philadelphia to this, the Bosnia will not arrive here before the end of September, and will leave for the Orient several weeks after the other two steamers. The Alesia will be the first to leave.

The merchants of this city are on the alert for the business that is coming to this port as one of the results of the way with China in the shape of the supplying of food and clothing and other necessaries. Although the home Governments usually select some one firm to purchase all the supplies, a large number of firms have addressed the Consuls here in regard to the matter. In reply the shipping men have received notes that word would be sent to make definite arrangements. So far but one Government, the Russian, is active in the local market.

ONE-HANDED WOMAN MAKES BUTTONHOLES.

Brother and Sister, Separated for Brave Young Girl Who Earns a Half a Century, Meet by Chance Livelihood, Though Her Right Hand Is Missing.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 18.-In one of the busiest and noisiest of San Francisco shirt factories there is a young girl who works from sun up to sun down, and, very, often, far into the night, making button-



LUCY DELANEY MAKING BUTTON-HOLES WITH ONE HAND,

holes. She is fair and dainty, an orphare girl, 18 years old, and all the regularly set stitches are put in with one little slender hand, and that is the left one.

While others with whole bodies are complaining at the indifference of fate to their wants, Lucy Delaney is stitching busily away, and glad that she is fortunate enough to be able to keep herself above want and dependence upon others. The brave strug-gle of the little buttonholemaker has just been learned by several philanthropic women who will interest themselves in the se-curing of an artificial hand which the girlish pride of Lucy Delaney has so long

MISER SUFFERS DEATH BY HIS OWN HAND.

craved.

Though He Was Almost Starved an Old Man Leaves His Relatives a Neat Little Fortune.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL Baltimore, Md., Aug. 18,-After living for menths on \$1 a, week, Samuel Johnson, 63 years old, committed suicide by strangling himself in a lodging-house. An examination of his trunk brought to light the fact that the old man had to his credit \$1.000. In spite of this comfortable sum, he wore clothes that were almost rags and ate barely enough to keep him alive. He was an organ builder by trade, and only recently completed an important piece of work in one of the churches. A woman with whom he formerly boarded says that he came to this country sourced says that he came to this country some years ago, and that he had said that his relatives in Eingland would inherit all that he left at his death, but it was generally supposed that he possessed little or nothing.